

The Massillon Independent.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

MASSILLON, OHIO MONDAY DECEMBER 14, 1896.

XXXV—NO. 39

DR. STAFFORD'S CRITIC

The Catholic Pastor Almost Accused of Heresy.

ANIMUS OF THE ACCUSATION.

His Remark That "the Better American You Are, the Better Catholic You Are" Taken Up by One of the Church Papers at St. Louis.

Dr. D. J. Stafford, for some years the rector of St. Joseph's Catholic church at Massillon, and now assistant pastor of St. Patrick's church, Washington, has been almost accused of heresy by one of the strongest Catholic papers in the country, the Review of St. Louis. Dr. Stafford, it seems, warmly espoused the cause of Bishop Keane, the lately deposed rector of the Catholic University, and uttered his feelings at a meeting held in Carroll Hall. The Review is violently opposed to Bishop Keane and his friends. The attack is as follows:

The Rev. D. J. Stafford, a Washington priest, is quoted by the secular papers as saying in a late sermon that "the better Catholic you are, the better American you are, and the better Catholic you are, the better Catholic you are, and therefore the benediction of the old church falls down upon the banners of the young republic."

Dr. Stafford is a bit sweeping in his statements. Let us examine them one by one.

"The better Catholic you are the better American you are."

An American, according to Webster, is a "native of America;" in a narrow sense, "an inhabitant of the United States."

Dr. Stafford takes the term, evidently, the sense of a "citizen of the United States." In this sense we may accept the proposition that the better Catholic is the better American, for the better Catholic is always the better citizen, no matter what country. When Dr. Stafford goes on to say "the better American you are, the better Catholic you are," we are strongly inclined to suspect him of the arrere pensee, which is a characteristic of "liberalism!"

But even if we suppress this suspicion and take the proposition literally, its "valor" appears quite doubtful. An American is a citizen of the United States. If he is the very highest type of a citizen, does this make him a better Catholic? If it does we fail to see the reason why. The best American may be negligent of his religious duties and disloyal to the church. Indeed, some of the ideas that are distinctly American, this, for instance, that the separation of the church and state is "the only correct thing," or this, that all men, regardless of ecclesiastical or any other distinctions are equally amenable to the civil courts, are not exactly in harmony with Catholic doctrine.

"And, therefore, concludes Dr. Stafford, "the benediction of the old church falls down upon the banners of the young republic."

Wherefore? Surely not because "the better American is the better Catholic," for this proposition is false. If Dr. Stafford means to say that the church blesses our country in a special manner because "the better Catholic is the better American," he asserts what is absurd. For her blessings fall down upon every country whose citizens are good Catholics, because the above quoted proposition holds good everywhere. It is but a specification of the general principle that "the better Catholic is always and everywhere the better citizen."

What is the use of laying unctuous flattery to the hearts of the hyper patriots at the expense of Catholic truth?

Dr. Stafford has paid no attention to the attack, the Washington Post says, but his friend, Dr. A. J. Faust, of St. John's College, has written an article defending him. Dr. Faust says that the quotations in the Review remind him of a story of Cardinal Cheverus, when the latter was Bishop of Boston. It appears that on one occasion a certain Baptist minister of Bristol attempted to prove the invalidity of the claims of the Catholic church by quoting certain passages of Scripture. He made out a case, apparently more or less good, against the church, by quoting the passages without reference to their context. The gentle Bishop was finally compelled to take notice of the attacks of the minister, which he did in this way. One day in the pulpit he, too, began to quote Scripture. In referring to his opponent, the minister, he reminded him of the passages, "Judas went out and hanged himself"—"Go then and do likewise."

The attack upon the utterances of Dr. Stafford is generally supposed to be a subtle insinuation that the views of the doctor are tainted with "heresy," and a Catholic priest said last week that "liberalism in theology is really heresy," and when the Review applied the dread term of "liberalism" to the words and sentiments of Dr. Stafford it has been taken to mean not only liberalism in church "deas, but liberalism in theology. Fortunately such a charge has not been made direct, or the editor of the Review would have brought down upon his head a storm which he would have found it difficult to withstand.

It reminded another priest of the old story attributed to Cardinal Richelieu. It goes as follows: One day in convention with some friends the Cardinal remarked, in speaking of evidence, that he could find evidence enough in any sentence, no matter how simple it might seem, to hang the man who uttered it. One of those present laughed at him and put him to the test.

"Two and one are three," he said.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Cardinal, "you can hang for that. That is blasphemy against the Holy Trinity, for every one knows that two and one are one," and blasphemy against the Trinity was a hanging offense then.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headache. 2c at druggists.

SOME SCARLET FEVER And a Little Diphtheria—Board of Health Work.

The board of health met in the mayor's office Thursday evening. Health Officer Miller's report showed that at present there are three houses quarantined in the city, two on account of scarlet fever and one on account of diphtheria. There is also considerable typhoid fever in existence. A committee consisting of A. D. Volkmar, J. A. Shoemaker and Dr. Pease was appointed to investigate matters pertaining to the plumbing ordinances and the action of the state board of health in that direction, and to report at the next meeting.

CUT INTO FRAGMENTS.

Frightful Death of William Robinson.

WAS GOING HOME FROM CHURCH.

Meager Particulars Concerning the Death of a Well Known Massillon Young Man in West Virginia—Those With Him Escaped Unhurt.

MONTGOMERY, W. Va., Dec. 11.—Wm. Robinson was run over by a Baltimore & Ohio train at 9:30 o'clock last night. The body was cut in fragments. He was returning home from church with two ladies, who escaped unhurt. His life was insured. No arrangements for the funeral have been made. His death has cast a gloom over the entire colored population of the city. He was killed near the spot where numerous people have been run down.

Mrs. Caroline Robinson, who resides at 34 North Mill street, received a telegram Friday morning, stating that her son, William H. Robinson, had been killed in a railroad accident at Montgomery, W. Va., where he had resided for more than a year. The Rev. A. H. Dorsey, pastor of the A. M. E. Zion church, will leave for that place tomorrow, to take charge of the body and make arrangements for removing it to Massillon for interment. Mr. Robinson was 32 years of age and unmarried. He was a barber by trade and had many warm friends in white and colored circles who regret deeply his deplorable death.

HUNTED WITH A FERRET.

Game Warden Dangeleisen Makes Some Arrests.

CANTON, Dec. 11.—County Game Warden Dangeleisen, of Massillon, arrested three Cantonians yesterday for hunting with a ferret. They were Smith, Baker and Oliver Webb by name, and when arraigned before Squire Webb, pleaded guilty. They were fined \$5 each and the costs. Warden Dangeleisen noticed that the men had a ferret when they took the north bound C. C. & S. train. He followed and caught them using the animal.

MR. HUBER'S WILL.

The provisions of the will of the late Henry Huber, of Massillon, which was filed for probate yesterday, are that the entire estate and property of every description of the deceased shall go to his widow, Ruth L. Huber, during her natural life or as long as she remains his widow. The deceased further desires that all his interests in the Elm Run and Massillon City Coal Companies shall be continued and the profits paid to the wife so long as she remains unmarried. He also bequeaths to his wife the limited one eighth interest in the coal on the east quarter of the Lincoln Young farm, naming the same conditions. After the death of his wife Mr. Huber desires the estate to pass to his heirs who shall share alike. He names J. F. Cock as executor.

PROBATE COURT NOTES.

A first partial account has been filed in the estate of Clara Halter McCanley, of Canton.

New bond has been filed and approved in the guardianship of Mary Burnequet, of Nimishillen township.

Alexander Cowan has been appointed executor of the estate of James McCullum, of Alliance.

A petition to complete contract for sale of real estate has been filed in the estate of John Watson, of Alliance.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Charles A. Vogelgesang and Anna E. Bowers, of Canton; G. C. Hamilton and Maud Myers, of Louisville.

THE THIEVES SURPRISED.

Caught in the Act of Robbing William Kettering.

When the farm hand employed by William Kettering, who lives in Jackson township, returned home at 9 o'clock Wednesday night, he saw that the door of the barn was partly open. He stepped up and closed it, and as the latch is on the outside and cannot be operated from within the thieves, who were at that moment within, were trapped. The farm hand heard them, although his suspicions had not been excited when he closed the door, and he at once aroused the household, but before they could reach the barn the men inside had climbed up a hay chute and jumped out of the window. Chase was given, but as the thieves had a wagon and a horse close at hand they made good their escape. Eighteen bushels of oats had been sacked by the visitors who were thus surprised while at work. Mr. Kettering thinks that he knows who attempted to rob him.

Knight's are Going.

COLUMBUS, Dec. 12.—[By Associated Press]—The lodge of Knights of Pythias of which Mr. McKinley is a member, will accompany him to the inauguration.

Isaac H. Myers, of Wooster, Ohio, recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

WOOSTER, O., May 21, 1896.

[To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, O.] Gents—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from Geo. Krieger, druggist, and used them for rheumatism and constipation.

One of my arms was so badly afflicted that I could not remove my coat without assistance, and after using one box all pain had entirely left it. The medicine did me more good than anything I ever took. Yours very truly,

ISAAC H. MYERS,

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 2c at druggists.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headache. 2c at druggists.

UNDERMINING A TOWN

Residences at Salineville Sink Ten Feet.

AN OLD MINE REOPENED.

TWO MINERS ENGAGE IN A FATAL QUARREL—John Kellogg Kills John Brown at Bengholz—Death Caused by a Splinter—Lockjaw Kills a Boy at Smithville.

The mining town of Salineville, ten miles south of Alliance, is greatly excited over the discovery that its main street is sinking. A year ago thirty residences suddenly sank from one to ten feet, and a number of the dwellings were wrecked. It was then found that the old Farmer coal mine, which had been operated forty years ago, had undermined that section of the town. The court granted an injunction restraining Brown Bros., the owners of the mine, from operating the old shaft leading under the town. Last week there was another slight collapse along the main street, and a committee of citizens and miners visited the mine, where they found that the Browns had disobeyed the court's orders and were operating the old part of the mine. A large portion of the pillars directly under the business portion of the town had been removed. An action against Brown Bros. is to be commenced.

Two miners at Bengholz quarreled over the possession of some empty cars, which each declared belonged to his shaft. John Kellogg, aged 22, struck John Brown, aged 25, with a miner's pick, inflicting an injury from which he soon bled to death. Kellogg gave himself up to the officers. Brown leaves a wife and four small children.

A boy of 11 years, at Smithville, died of lockjaw last Sunday. He was playing with other boys on Thanksgiving, and a splinter was thrust into the temporal muscle quite close to the left eye. It was removed, but lockjaw set in a week later.

WEST BROOKFIELD NOTES.

WEST BROOKFIELD, Dec. 12.—The funeral of Mrs. G. Stanford was held in the M. E. church yesterday at 1:30 p.m. The services were conducted by the Rev. J. H. Barron, assisted by the Rev. N. E. Moffit. Mrs. Stanford had a wide circle of friends and the funeral was largely attended.

Why should civil government be taught in our common schools?

Illustrate the difference between the inductive and deductive method of teaching.

Name what you consider the great needs of the country schools.

PHYSIOLOGY.

What are the fontanelles? What is the atlas bone? Why so called?

Describe the structure of the teeth.

What care should be taken of them?

What is the vital element of air? What are the effects of rebreathing exhaled air?

What is the transfusion of blood? Of what value is it?

What is meant by the lymphatic system? How do hibernating animals live during the winter?

Define bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, consumption and diphtheria.

Name the juices that act upon the food in the alimentary canal. What is the office of each?

What is the physiological effect of alcohol on the brain? The effect on the mental and moral powers?

GEOGRAPHY.

How does the earth compare in size with the other planets? How does it rank in distance from the sun?

How many rotations does the earth make in a common year? In a leap year? Give reasons for your answer.

What are the uses of latitude and longitude?

What would be the width of the zones if the earth's axis were inclined 35 degrees?

What is the general direction of peninsula? What are the uses of mountain?

State the benefits of ocean currents.

What conditions are most favorable for a copious deposit of dew? Classify clouds.

Name the largest county of Ohio. The smallest. The counties of Ohio that touch Indiana.

What states of the Union are crossed by the 40th parallel of north latitude?

WAS THOMPSON WRONG?

A Great Debate To Take Place Next Week.

Plans for a spirited debate have been partially completed and the topic for discussion will be the recent actions of the venerable gentleman, Fred Thompson. Probably the latter part of next week the colored element will assemble at Music Hall, when their distinguished orators will wrestle with the question: "Resolved that Mayor Schott had no right to fine Thompson \$25 for stealing chickens." While many of Thompson's associates feel that he was wrong in taking the chickens, or being caught at it, there are others who think that spurred by pangs of hunger, and as Thompson possessed a keen appetite for chicken anyway, the theft was justifiable or at any rate excusable.

Robert Hammond has been selected as one of three to fight for the affirmative side and Robert Grant and Philip Mickens have thus far been secured to champion the cause of the mayor.

At this gathering it will be positively settled as to whether Mr. Thompson deliberately planned the visit to Mr. Bunnell's hen roost through thieving motives, or was driven to desperation by hunger, with \$7.50 in his pocket, and his better judgment succumbed.

It may develop that Mr. Thompson has for years been a victim of kleptomania and has modestly withheld the fact from his friends. Thompson himself will take no part in the debate but will no doubt be present to see himself in the eyes of others.

Rallying Silver Forces.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 13.—[By Associated Press]—Charles Lane, chairman of the national bimetallist committee, has issued an elaborate address today, rallying the silver forces for future campaigns.

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THE INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY,
INDEPENDENT BUILDING,
50 North Erie St., Massillon, O.

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1866.
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1867.
SEMI-WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1868.

Long Distance Telephone No. 60.
Former's Telephone No. 60.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1896.

New York has been in hysterics for a week over the trial of Maria Barbera, better known as Maria Barberi, who had been held and convicted before for murder. She obtained a new trial and was acquitted because expert witnesses proved that she was an epileptic and therefore irresponsible. She is now turned loose upon society, and society is really rejoicing in its danger and making much ado over the liberated woman.

The warriors of Alliance belonging to the military company of that place have resolved not only to go to Washington with their regiment to attend the inauguration, but also that all members belonging to the company must by that time wear a moustache and goatee. This imposes a dreadful responsibility upon the young of Alliance, who are doubtless in full agreement with Shakespeare's remark that, "He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man."

One of the curious facts of the cabinet making season is the rather remarkable pressure being brought to bear by national, state and local organizations of farmers in favor of the appointment of Col. J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, as secretary of agriculture. Should it continue it might by its force compel Mr. McKinley to name Col. Brigham. Then the question would arise whether two cabinet officers could be appointed from the same state with propriety, and the end of it all might be that both Mark Hanna and Judge Day, at present the personal Ohio favorites of Mr. McKinley, would fail to achieve the distinction now thought certain to fall to one or the other.

The manufacturers of the United States are being flooded with circulars soliciting advertisements for the "Monthly Bulletin of the Bureau of American Republics," issued ostensibly under the auspices of the State Department. The circular is headed "Bureau of American Republics, Clinton Furbish, Director; Advertising Department, New York." Advertisers are instructed to "make all checks payable to Clinton Furbish, Director." Thus the United States government enters into the general advertising business, with no postage bills to pay, in competition with THE INDEPENDENT and other great advertising agencies. It does not occur to this paper that the Federal government has any right to engage in enterprises of this description and it ought to be stopped. If one Clinton Furbish has not any sense of the eternal fitness of things, Secretary Olney should supply him. And where is the Postmaster-General?

Colored society does well in deciding to inquire into the moral responsibility of Mr. Frederick Thompson, lately fined for stealing chickens wherewith to prevent starvation, while at the same time he had \$7.50 in his pockets. Mr. Thompson has been a long time resident of Massillon, eminent as a gentleman powerful in prayer, and a great reader and friend of THE INDEPENDENT. Church and state have passed judgment upon Mr. Thompson's recent eccentricity, but the deeper problem of the warring motives prompting him remains to be solved, and can only be clearly presented by frank and full discussion in the arena of public debate. If it shall be proven that Mr. Thompson was led into the abysses of sin, and "we have brought the Christ within the range of his faith," Dr. Miller apprehends that we will have little time to obscure his vision by the discussion of distinctions which do not rise to the dignity of differences. For this preliminary education of the heart the churches must look to the Sunday schools, for says Dr. Miller, the tendency of educational methods today is to ignore the Kingdom of God. The method is to educate the head and neglect the heart.

"The inspired word says, 'seek first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added.' The genius of today promises 'seek first these things,' but promises no addition, hints at no addition, and even presumes that there is nothing to add." Upon these premises Dr. Miller bases the following conclusions:

"So it has come about that there is a higher order of expert talent engaged in the commission of crime than is employed in its detection. How often we are impressed by the superiority of the criminal over the officer of the law—superiority in trained intelligence. The detective is generally the safer man to society, and the criminal would be less dangerous if he did not know so much."

"Ignorance is not so dangerous as unbalanced morality."

"Lord Bacon is credited with having said, 'Knowledge is power.' A more recent writer has added 'merely power'—a power which may be wielded for good or evil, and for evil as effectually as for good. A bad man is only made a worse one by having his merely intellectual faculties highly developed. Educational efforts ought to be directed to the heart even more than to the head, but by all means to both."

"God pity the so-called Sunday school teacher who sits in the presence of a dozen mentally and spiritually alert, plastic, immortal souls, Sunday after Sunday, with nothing in his head and nothing in his heart."

THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

A bulletin from the State University at Columbus, gives much useful information concerning the courses of instruction in the College of Agriculture

and Domestic Science. The aim of this department is to give young men and women of Ohio the largest possible opportunity for general and special training, in order to prepare them for the various duties of life. A special course in dairying is designed for those who wish to master the art of butter and cheese making; or who wish to become fitted for the position of manager or superintendent of a creamery or cheese factory. The students practice the testing of milk as to purity and contents of butter-fat; learn the uses and care of various dairy devices; the making of butter and cheese by the most improved methods; in short the essential operation of the creamery, factory and home dairy are repeatedly performed under the guidance and direction of competent instructors.

The requirements for admission to this course are within the possibilities of any conscientious high school student, who must present certain credits or pass an examination, and who must be able to write clear and correct English. The total expense for the course of twelve weeks, including room and board, varies only from \$50 to \$75. A considerable number of students defray all their expenses by devoting certain hours of each day to work which is given them on application at the University farm, garden, orchard or green houses; also by work done during the summer vacations.

The growing demand for expert butter and cheese makers, and the fact that the well trained, educated worker does a higher grade of labor, and receives better wages than the uneducated, together with the knowledge that nearly all positions of power and trust are held by educated men and women, renders this course of study one of vast interest, and makes it one of much importance in this particular department of the University. The average student in the public schools of these days has every opportunity for the best of mental and physical training, together with the experience of those who have gone before him, showing that the better the education the better the chances for promotion and success.

DR. MILLER ON EDUCATION.

A Sunday school convention was held last week, before which Dr. T. Clarke Miller, as presiding officer, delivered some telling remarks on education that must have appealed very strongly to all who heard them. He began with appropriate reference to the Sunday school as the nursery of the church, and saw no objection to the teaching of the theory of church government peculiar to the special organization. At the same time secondary matters should always be kept in a place of secondary importance.

"Bigotry and intolerance," says Dr. Miller, "will never grow up in the heart or head of the young as a result of teaching that all men are sinners." The speaker sees no special tendency to an organic unity of Christian organizations, nor does he see that this is desirable, but it does seem to him that there is "a tendency to homogeneity and to tolerance of minor differences." So long, however, as the different divisions continue to quarrel over methods and policy, or impalpable doctrinal shadows, the millennium is not imminent." Dr. Miller believes that the longing of the people to be saved is as intense as the desire of the Christians to have them saved, but, he adds, "the wayfaring man, though a fool, refuses to believe that there possibly may be a number of straight lines between two given points." To those outside, the speaker fears, the eloquent and vociferous disagreements of Christians on trivial matters, "are likely to be more conspicuous and impressive than their tacit agreements on essentials."

When at last the thought of the child is fixed on his need of a Savior, and "we have brought the Christ within the range of his faith," Dr. Miller apprehends that we will have little time to obscure his vision by the discussion of distinctions which do not rise to the dignity of differences. For this preliminary education of the heart the churches must look to the Sunday schools, for says Dr. Miller, the tendency of educational methods today is to ignore the Kingdom of God. The method is to educate the head and neglect the heart.

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DUN'S TRADE REVIEW.

Further Improvement Awaits Coming of the New Year.

WHEAT MARKET HAS WEAKENED.

The Iron Industry Demoralized For the Time Being by Uncertainty Regarding the Great Combinations—The Wool Situation—Business Failures.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly Review of Trade, issued today, says: The approach of the holidays and doubt about the action of congress put off further improvement until the new year. While industries have gained in working force, they are waiting for commensurate gain in demand, and meanwhile are trying to clear away embarrassments which restrict them.

The wheat market has weakened with less gloomy news from other countries and larger western receipts, though only 8,691,374 bushels against 6,008,404 last year. Disappointment about the break in prices may help to increase receipts.

Atlantic exports were but 2,755,651 bushels, flour included, and for two weeks have been but 4,748,118 bushels, against 4,174,48 last year. Pacific dispatches show that exports continue very heavy and about 300,000 tons more are available from California. The market has declined 1 1/4 cents and the decrease in demand for flour, with high rail rates, has closed nearly all the Superior, Duluth, Minneapolis and many of the other northwestern mills.

The iron output for December was 142,278 tons weekly, against 124,077 Nov. 1 and 216,797 a year ago, and unsold stocks reported were 31,901 tons smaller than November, but these do not include stocks of the great steel companies. The industry is for the time demoralized by uncertainty regarding the great combinations. The formal withdrawal of the Bellair company broke the billet pool, but a meeting is in session to reconstruct it if possible. The beam makers also meet this week to revive, if they can, their compact, and the steel rail works will meet shortly with the prospect that one important concern will go out and that if others are kept together prices will have to be materially reduced.

The Bar association scarcely pretends to control prices, which are slightly lower this week for steel, and the rupture of the Nail association for the time left the bar price for wire nails about \$1.50 at Pittsburgh, with extra charge on ordinary assortments averaging 12 cents against \$2.55 paid last month, with extras averaging 70 cents. Until the future influence of these combinations is better defined, narrow trading must be expected, and Bessemer pig and Gray forge slightly lower.

Sales of wool in two weeks, 14,378,900 pounds, against 11,999,200 pounds last year and 10,852,700 in 1892, are this year largely between traders, as the mills find at present little encouragement to buy and London sales are a shade weaker.

Quotations are not changed, though more frequent concessions are reported.

Failures for the week have been 380 in the United States, against 333 last year, and 43 in Canada, against 54 last year.

RECEPTION TO MCKINLEY.

Canton People to Have a Chance to Bid Him Adieu.

CANTON, O., Dec. 12.—H. S. Moses and Joseph A. Bour, as representatives of the Canton Business Men's association called on Major McKinley to consult with him in regard to having him the guest of honor at the annual banquet of the association, which is usually held early in January. After considering the matter and conversing on kindred topics it was thought advisable to give all the people, without regard to business or political connections, an opportunity to extend farewell words to President-elect McKinley before he goes to the national capital to be inaugurated.

To the end that all may have a part who desire it, the reception will be held in such a manner and at such a place as will give the public the privilege of taking leave of their fellow-townsmen in an informal way as possible. The reception is to be under the direction of the Canton Business Men's association and will occur shortly before Major McKinley leaves for Washington. The place of holding the reception is also undecided, but a hotel will probably be chosen.

A party consisting of Senator George L. Wellington of Maryland and a number of national committeemen and other prominent men from the south called on Major McKinley and urged ex-Governor Gary of Maryland for the cabinet.

SCHURZ RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT.

New Officers Chosen and Papers Read at Civil Service Convention.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.—The Civil Service Reform association convention re-elected these officers: President, Carl Schurz, New York; vice presidents, Charles Francis Adams, Boston; Augustus R. MacDonough, New York; J. Hall Pleasants, Baltimore; Henry Hitchcock, St. Louis; Franklin MacVeagh, Chicago; William Potts and Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, New York. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia was also elected a vice president to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rt. Rev. Stephen N. Ryan.

A committee from the National Association of Lettercarriers appeared before the general committee with a petition urging various matters in which they were interested.

President Proctor of the civil service commission addressed the delegates on the working of the civil service law. Papers were read by Mrs. Lowell of New York, Colonel Elia of Chicago, Hon. D. B. Eaton of New York, Lucius B. Swift of Indianapolis, Francis E. Leupp of Washington and Sherman S. Rogers of Buffalo. Various resolutions were adopted.

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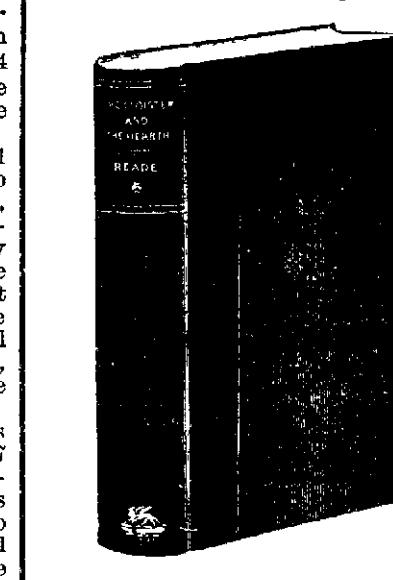
Holiday Goods!

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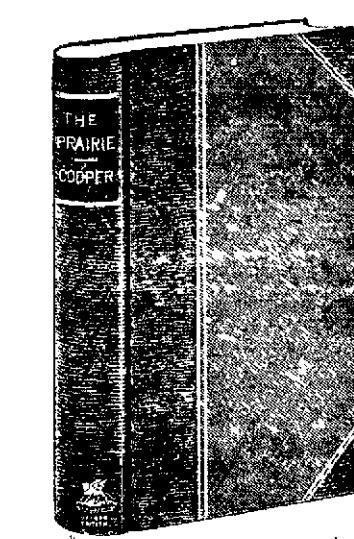
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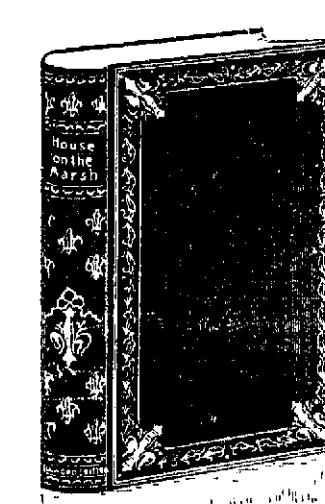


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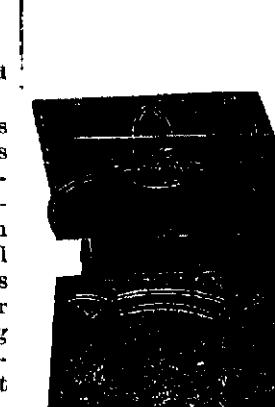
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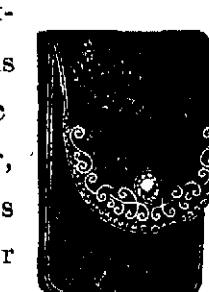
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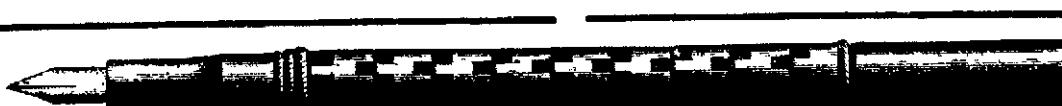
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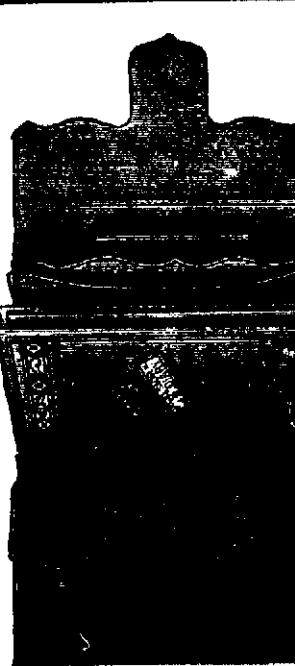
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</div

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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CONTINUED

"Old oaks? Old soaks, most like," was the disdainful answer—"special Riggs. He come from the cavalry. Why, I've had them two fellows tied up by the thumbs three times since last March; and it hasn't hurt 'em no more if they were cast iron. Better keep a guard over the mules while I'm away, sergeant—or, rather, lieutenant; you see, I ain't use to havin' anybody but the sergeant. Oh! Now 'bout them mileage papers o' yours. You said not to send 'em. Why not?"

"You've made out a charge of some sixty-five dollars for transportation of a servant, sir; I brought no servant with me."

"What's the difference? The law 'ows it. Every officer's entitled to a servant. And if he does his own work he's entitled to what the servant would get. You didn't black your boots or the way, did you? You had a servant do it. He was with you on the train—porter of the sleeping-car, wasn't he? I never go in the durn things myself, but you did, I'll warrant. Well, you paid him out of your pocket, every time you changed cars or boat."

"That may be, sir; but I can't sign any such claim as sixty dollars for transportation of servant when I paid no such sum."

"Then how're you to get your money back?—the dimes and dollars you've given to porters and waiters on the way? Every officer I know would sign that certificate without question, and every quartermaster would pay it. Capt. Warren came with you to headquarters, at least. What'd you bet he hasn't drawn servant's transportation?"

You think it over, lieutenant. There's no sense in you robl' o' yourself this way. Write down to barracks, 'I you like, and see what they say at headquarters. They'll tell you just what I do."

"I'll sign the accounts without that, and get the mileage for myself," said Lambert. "I need the money. Then if it's allowable and proper I can collect for servant later."

"Not much you can't. There's where you show your ignorance. Then the government would make you fight ten years for it, even if you'd brought a servant with you. The way is to get it first and let them stop it if it's wrong. But here, I can't fool away time arguing simple thing like that. I've got to be miles away before midnight, and, no matter who comes and inquires, you don't know where we've gone. Now you won't need any commissary funds or anything while I'm away. Just pay cash and take receipts if you buy vegetables for the company."

"You forget, sir, that my money's gone."

"Sure you hadn't anything but what was in that pocketbook? Then, sergeant, do it, and keep account."

"But, excuse me, captain," said Lambert, flushing, "I myself will need money. I must find some place to board. Keep those mileage accounts as security, if you like, but let me have twenty dollars."

"But you hain't signed them: they're no good."

"I'll settle that," said Lambert, sharply; and, taking a pen, he drew a line through the item for transportation for servant and altered the figures of the total accordingly, then, still standing and bending over the desk, slashed his signature with a sputtering pen upon the paper. Close carefully scrutinized the sheet, compared it with its duplicate when that, too, was similarly finished, and stowed both away in a long envelope. "Sure you've got to have twenty?" he asked, as a soldier stuck his head inside the tent door, retired precipitately at sight of the junior lieutenant, and then, from without, announced that the captain was served. "Well, I guess I can get it for you—before I go." Slowly he finished, slowly signed, after close study of their contents, the papers placed before him, then slowly left the tent without another word. Not until he had buckled on his pistol belt—he carried no sword—and was about to start with his silent and yawning squad, did he seem to wake from his fit of abstraction, and then only when Lambert appealed to him for orders.

"Oh, yes. Well, just have an eye on them mules, will you, lieutenant? Everything else, almost, is under lock and key. The quartermaster sergeant is pretty solid."

"But in case of disturbance, or demands for more detachments, or men wanting to go away?"

"There won't be nuthin' now fur a week. Do's you like about givin' the men a little liberty. They've had a good deal. Everything around here will be quiet enough, and you'll hear what I'm after—well, when I've got it."

That night, though worn and weary and downhearted, Lambert could hardly sleep. At 11 the little detachment had trudged away into the blackness of the night, and the tramp of their march was swallowed up in the rustle of the crisp brown foliage and the creak of overhanging branches. The men remaining in camp crawled back to their blankets; the cook fire smoldered away, only occasionally whirling forth a reluctant flight of sparks in response to some vigorous puff of the restless wind; the sentry yawned and doffed about the wagon and the store tent; even the mules seemed so sympathetic with their recovered associate that no whisper of a bray came from their pen on the bank of the stream. Lambert had received the assurance of his sergeant that the missing men would surely turn up before breakfast on the morrow, and had given permission to that harassed and evidently disgusted official to go to bed. Then, after a turn around his sleeping camp, the young fellow went to his lonely roost "to think things over."

In the first place, as he lighted his candle, there was the tin pail which had rolled out from the Walton hedge row, and which, on inspection, he had found to contain about two pounds of fresh butter, very neatly packed in lettuce leaves. That proved that the Waltons still had something of their old garden left. Lettuce could surely be raised only under glass at this inclement season. He had hitherto had no time for close inspection of the contents. Now as he turned over the leaves he found a little slip of paper on which, in a girlish and somewhat "scratchesy" hand, were penned the words: "Please send small currency. It's hard to get change. You can have buttermilk to-morrow night if you'll bring a pitcher. Due, \$5.10. You must pay it this time. I must have it."

"Now, who on earth is this young lady's customer?" thought Lambert. "Surely not Close. He never spends a cent on butter. Nobody else lives nearer than Parmelee's to the north or town to the south. Can it be that some of the sergeants have been buying supplies from this quarter and running up a butter bill?" Burns had spoken of trouble between the captain and the old lady, and of all hands being forbidden to enter the Walton grounds on any pretext whatever. That, of course, did not prohibit the men from buying what the Walton servants offered for sale outside the fence, and if they were so straitened in circumstances they might be glad to find a market for their surplus produce even among the Yankee invaders, provided Mme. Walton were kept in ignorance of the traffic. She was uncompromising. No intercourse with, no recognition of, the barbarians, was her rule to kith and kin, and the few negroes who still hung about the crumbling old place repeated her words with the fear born of long-continued discipline under her roof and rod in the days of their enforced and unquestioning servitude.

These and other items of information as to his surroundings the young lieutenant had obtained from Sergt. Burns in the course of their evening watch together. He had no other means of studying the situation, and was but one of many new and comparatively inexperienced officers thrown upon their own resources at isolated posts among "the states lately in rebellion." Not yet 24 hours on duty with his company, he had been ordered to proceed with an armed force to the succor of officers of law supposedly besieged by a rebellious mob, and now, at midnight, in the heart of a strange country and far from the heart of its people he was commanding officers of his company and camp, without definite instructions of any kind and only his native common sense to guide him.

Lambert has since told two women—his wife and his mother—how his thoughts wandered back to the peaceful old homestead in the far northland, and to the teachings of his boyhood days. He made a sturdy fight against the feeling of loneliness that oppressed him. He wished the wind did not blow so sulky, in such spiteful, vicious puffs. It seemed as though nature had combined with old Lady Walton to give him ungracious welcome to this particularly shady side of the sunny south.

The wind itself was whispering sarcastic and withering remarks to him, like those the sergeant repeated as coming from Madam Walton to the defenseless captain; and even Burns' sense of subordination could not down his impulse to chuckle over some of them. What would Lambert do or say if the prim and starchy dame were to call upon him, as she occasionally had on his superior, driving him at last to the refuge of the nethermost depths of his tent, whence, as Burns declared, "the captain couldn't be induced to come out till the old lady was back inside her own door?"

The last time he "tied up Riggs"—a punishment much resorted to in the rough war days and those that closely followed them, especially by those officers who were themselves graduated from the ranks or the volunteers—it was for trespass on the Walton place. The fellow had climbed the fence and was pilfering among the old fruit trees when caught by Madam Walton. That was bad enough, but he had been impudent to her, which was worse. The men themselves would probably have ducked him in the stream—the old, self-respecting soldiers, that is—had the captain not ordered his summary punishment. Lambert was wondering what steps he should take in the interests of discipline, when he finally blew out his candle, determined, if a possible thing, to get to sleep. It was just a quarter-past 12 when he wound his watch and stowed it under his rude pillow. His revolver, the day's purchase, lay, with some matches, close at hand. He had even placed his sword and belt at the foot of his cot. The last thing he thought of before closing his eyes was that he would have to get a lantern on the morrow, even if he bought it of Cohen; but it was also the last thing he thought of when the morrow came.

Was it the wind again, whispering ugly things, or the ghost of Lady Walton, with her acidulated tongue, that roused him, he knew not how many minutes—or hours—later? Something was whispering, surely. The wind had been doing a good deal of that sort of thing all the night long among the leaves, a good deal of snarling and growling at times, and there was muttered snarling going on around him now. That might be the wind; but the wind would not trip up over a tent-rope and say such blasphemous things about it, even if it did nearly pull the flimsy structure down. In an instant Lambert was wide awake.

"Who's there?" he challenged, sternly. No answer—not in words, at least—but there was sound as of stealthy, yet hurried movement, more straining at the ropes on the side nearest the captain's tent, and heavy, startled breathing.

"Who's there?" he repeated, reaching for the revolver. "Answer, or I fire."

Then came a mighty strain, a jerk, a stumble and plunge, the sound as of a



Was torn from the ground.

heavy fall, followed by instant scramble and a rush of footfalls around the rear of camp. Lambert was out of bed and into his boots in half a minute; but in his haste he upset the chair on which lay the matches, and the box went rolling to the floor. Pistol in hand, he darted out in the night and found it black as Erebus. Quickly he ran to the first sergeant's tent, but Burns was hard to waken after the long day's work. Once roused, however, he was soon out, lantern in hand, while Lambert hastily dressed, and then together they scouted camp. A glance at their tent showed that Riggs and Murphy were still absent. A peep at the watch showed that it was almost two o'clock; a search around Lambert's tent revealed nothing beyond the fact that the corner peg to which the tent-fly was guyed was torn from the ground, and the soft, sandy soil showed that heavy boot-heels had made their imprint. Then Burns, still lantern-bearing, went crouching low around the back of Close's tent, while Lambert, with straining ears, stood stock still an instant in front, then, of a sudden, tore like mad through the rousing camp, out past the dim white canvas of the wagons, out past the startled sentry, up the steep pathway to the hard red road beyond, down which he ran on the wings of the wind till he reached the gateway to the forbidden ground, for a woman's agonized shriek had rung out upon the night, and the sound of blows, of crashing glass, of fierce and desperate struggle, of muttered oaths, of panting, pleading, half-stifled cries, of wild dismay and renewed screams for help, all came crowding on the ear from the heart of the Walton place.

VIII.

As he rushed around to the southern side of the old house—the side whence all this uproar proceeded—Lambert came suddenly upon two dim, swaying figures. The one nearest him—that of a man—was clutching, throttling, apparently, a slender form in white, a woman. The butt of his revolver straightened out the dark figure with one crack, and then for a moment everything was darkness and confusion. A lamp, held by some screaming female at a neighboring window, was dropped with a crash. The screams subsided to sobs and chatter and Ethiopian protestations and furious demands: "You Elinor! you black nigga—you let me out this room instantly!" Then rush of footsteps to the window again, and tragic appeals: "Mamma—mamma! What's happened? Doanswer? Donake Elinor let me go to you, or Ah'll jump out this window. Ah'm comin' now." And, indeed, a dim, slender form could be descried, arrayed in white, bending low from the easement, when Burns with his lantern came tearing around the corner. Then a majestic voice, imperious even though well-nigh breathless, was heard: "Katherine, return to your bed instantly. Do you hear? Instantly! And send Elinor to me."

Then Katherine shot back within the sheltering blinds was possibly due not so much to the impetus given her by those imperative orders as to that imparted by the sight of a pair of shoulder-straps and the face of the young officer gazing in bewilderment above him. Well might he look amazed! At his feet on the pathway Private Riggs was sprawling, half stunned by the blow he had received. On his back amidst the wreck of a glass hot-bed, Private Murphy was clutching at empty air and calling on all the saints in the Hibernian calendar to rescue him from the hands of that old bedlam. On the pathway, in a loose wrapper, her bosom heaving with mingled wrath and exhaustion, one hand firmly clutching a stout cane, the other clasping together at her waist the shreds of her torn and disheveled garb, her dark eyes flashing fire, her lips quivering, stood a woman certainly not 50 years of age, despite the silver in the beautiful hair streaming down upon her shoulders and the deep lines of grief and care in her clear-cut and thoroughly face. She leaned heavily on the stick an instant, but raised it threateningly as the luckless Murphy strove to sit up and staunch the blood trickling from his lacerated hands and face.

"Don't you dare to move, sub," she panted, "unless—" And the uplifted cane supplied, most suggestively, the ellipsis.

"Oh, fur the luv o' God, ma-am, don't hit me ag'in! Sure, I'd never prezhooome, ha'am."

"Shut up, Murphy!" growled Burns. "It's easy to see what brought you here. Shall I let Riggs up, lieutenant? He's bleeding a good deal."

But Riggs didn't want to get up. He slumped helplessly back upon the grassplot. Burns bent over and held his lantern close. "The man's drunk, sir," he said—"and cut."

"Who's there?" he challenged, sternly.

No answer—not in words, at least—but there was sound as of stealthy, yet hurried movement, more straining at the ropes on the side nearest the captain's tent, and heavy, startled breathing.

"Who's there?" he repeated, reaching for the revolver. "Answer, or I fire."

"I did that, I presume," said Lambert, still a little out of breath after the dash to the rescue. "I found him during to lay hands on this lady, Madame. I sincerely hope you are not injured. It is impossible for me to testify, if Capt. Close could settle this—let us do it."

With rapid step the corporal of the guard, bringing with him a couple of men and another lantern, came hurriedly to the scene and stood silent and alert, glancing eagerly from face to face. Two or three frightened negroes had crept around the rear portico and hung trembling behind their mistress. With a shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, a quadroon girl halted half way down the steps from the side door, her eyes dilated, and her lips twitching in terror, until a low voice from within bade her go on, and a tall, dark-haired, pale-faced girl in long, loose wrapper fairly pushed her forward and then stepped quickly to the elder woman's side.

"Go back to the house at once, my child. This is no place for you. Go to Katherine and tell her I say she must not leave her bed. Go!" And, silently as she came, but with an infinite and evident reluctance, the tall girl turned and obeyed. Mrs. Walton had spoken slowly and with effort. Of Mr. Lambert and his party she had as yet taken no notice whatever. Again Murphy began to squirm in his uncomfortable couch of mingled mud and broken glass and head lettuce, and the crackling accompaniment to his moaning once more made him the object of the lady's attention.

"Lie still, suh," she said, low and sternly. "You have broken moh glass now, suh, than your captain can replace. Lie still whuh you are until my servants lift you out—Henry!" she called.

"Ye-assum," was the answer, as one of the negroes came reluctantly forward, humbly twirling a battered hat in his hands.

"Go fetch your barrow."

"Indeed, Mrs. Walton," interposed Lambert, "you need not trouble yourself. The guard shall carry these two scoundrels to camp, and prison life at Ship island or Tortugas will put a stop to their prowling. It is on your account I am distressed. We have no surgeon at hand; I will send at once for a doctor in town."

She raised a slender white hand, relinquishing her grasp upon the cane, which now went clattering upon the gravel of the walk. It was a sign to check him, and respectfully he broke off in his hurried words. Then again she turned to the negro, who stood with twitching face, irresolute, beside her.

"Did you hear me, Henry? Go."

Again Riggs began to groan and stretch forth feeble hands. Burns looked appealingly to his young officer, then as appealingly to the lady. Clearly, she was mistress of the situation. Lambert had quickly stooped and picked up the cane, but she did not see, apparently, that he wished to restore it to her. In the light of the lanterns the mark of Riggs' clutch was plainly visible at her white and rounded throat.

"Two of you lift this fellow," said Burns to the corporal; and between them Riggs was heaved to his sprawling feet. "Get him over to camp now and bathe his head. Put a bayonet through him if he tries to bolt. I'll be there presently."

And of Riggs, her assailant, and of

Riggs' removal under guard, the lady of the Walton homestead took no note whatever. Rebuffed, yet sympathetic, Lambert again essayed to speak, but the rattle of the barrow was heard and Henry once more loomed up within the zone of lantern light.

"Lift that—pubson—out," she said. And when Burns would have lent a helping hand she interposed: "No, I beg you. My servants will attend to this." And neither Lambert nor his sergeant made further effort. Murphy, lifted from the wreck of the ruined hotbed, abject and crestfallen, scathed and bruised and bleeding, yet neither so deadened by drink nor so stunned by the rain of blows which he had suffered as not to appreciate the humiliation of his position, was squatted in the barrow. At an imperious gesture from Mme. Walton Henry started to wheel him away, the corporal of the guard in close attendance.

And then, with calm dignity and recovered breath, the lady turned to the boy officer:

"I have not thanked you yet—"

"Oh, Mrs. Walton, I beg you not to speak of thanks. If you knew how

ashamed I am, and that my regiment will be—that any of our men could have dared—" The very intensity of the young fellow's indignation choked him and gave her the floor.

"Once before this they came, and then I warned. This time, having no men to call up" (negroes, it seems, could not be counted as such), "I was compelled myself to chastise. May I ask the safe return of our barrow—it is the only vehicle the war has left us—and that we may now be permitted to retire?" And she swept a stately courteous bow.

"But, madam—" began Lambert, utterly chagrined at the attitude of cold and determined avoidance in which she persisted; "you have been brutally handled; I insist on sending for our contract doctor; it is the best we can offer to-night—"

"Neither to-night, nor at any other time, would his services be acceptable, suh. I need no doctoh. We learned—we had to learn—how to do without luxuries of evry kind during the war;

and Dr. Hand—I think that is the name of the physician you refer to—would be too much of a luxury at any time. I regret that your men should need his services, but they brought it on themselves."

"They will need him more before the captain gets through with 'em, ma'am," said Sgt. Burns, seeing that his young superior was at a loss what

to say. As he spoke, the tall, dark-haired girl once more appeared, and swiftly, noiselessly stepped to her mother's side. "There'd be no need of a court-martial or of your having to testify, if Capt. Close could settle this—let us do it."

"Mother, come in—please do—and let these gentlemen go," said the girl. "Indeed, we are very much obliged to you," she continued, addressing Lambert, "for coming so quickly. That one, who seemed intoxicated, might have killed mother, who is far from strong. They had opened the cellar door, you see. And she pointed to where the broad wooden leaf had been turned back, leaving a black, yawning chasm.

"Your mother is faint," cried Lambert, springing forward just in time, for now that victory was perched upon her banners, the foe soundly thrashed and driven from the field, nature-woman-like—had reassured herself, and the lady of Walton Hall would have sunk to earth but for the strong young arms that received her. Then came renewed outcry from within doors. Miss Katherine could not have obeyed the maternal mandate, for there she was at the window, insistent, clamorous. "Bring her right in hyuh!" she cried. "Do you hyuh what I say, Esther? Oh, who day-uhd to lock me in this room? You Elinor! open this do' instantly. I tell you!"

A moment later, when, by the light of Burns' lantern now in Miss Esther's trembling grasp, the two men bore the limp and nerveless shape into the nearest room and laid it reverently upon the sofa, a wild-eyed and dishevelled young woman threw herself at her mother's side and began chafing and slapping the slender white hands and begging all manner of absurd and impossible things of the prostrate, pallid, death-like form. Elinor, who had obeyed orders and

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this week by independent investigators.

La Verne Higerd is now employed at Rudolph's jewelry store.

John C. Myers, of Beach City, has been granted a pension increase.

The county commissioners have appointed George E. Baldwin, of Canton workhouse trustee, succeeding R. S. Shields.

The earnings of the C. L. & W. between Jan. 1st and Aug. 1st, 1895, were \$1,178,386; during the same period in 1896 they were \$1,310,565.

Chicken thieves are becoming very annoying to the residents, especially those living some distance from the business center. Numerous thefts have been reported within the past few days. James Bayless lost six fine chickens early in the week.

An uncle of Jas. A. Newkirk, private secretary of Congressman McClure, of Wooster, died a few weeks ago in Honolulu, leaving an estate worth \$500,000. The property goes to Mrs. George Legget and Jas. A. and George Newkirk, of Wooster.

After December 15 it will be unlawful to kill game of any variety except ducks, and Game Warden Dangelosen wishes sportsmen to bear this fact well in mind. Ignorance is no excuse, and Mr. Dangelosen is determined to enforce this law, as well as all others.

The efforts of the Massillon Athletic Club to get a second game with the Canton club have not been successful. Dead silence follows every attempt to open negotiations. The presumption is that the late visitors were surprised and delighted with their triumph that they do not care to run the risk of defeat.

Frank Hartzell, who lives near the cemetery, got hold of a dynamite cartridge the other day which he proceeded to inspect, without knowing exactly what it was. When the explosion took place one thumb and the fingers of one hand were pretty badly lacerated and had to be mended by Dr. Dimon.

Charles Robinson, accompanied by Undertaker N. H. Willaman, went to Montgomery, W. Va., Friday evening to take charge of the body of his brother, William Robinson, who was killed on the railroad at that place. It was first arranged that the Rev. A. H. Dorsey should go, but later Mr. Robinson decided to attend to the matter himself.

The suit of Frank A. Vogt against John Jorden and others, in relation to the coal mine and property, recently commenced in the court of common pleas, has been settled by mutual agreement of all the parties, Mr. Vogt retiring from the business, and the mine and leases have been sold to the Crystal Springs Coal Company, a new corporation, all matters being amicably adjusted between the parties.

The Democrats of the second ward nominated Christian Knuth, Friday evening, as their candidate for the office of councilman, to succeed the late Henry Huber. The meeting was held in the mayor's court room. John Hoban presided and Christian Schott acted as secretary. The name of Aaron Gruber was not presented, that gentleman having declined to be a candidate. The election will be held on December 18.

At the meeting of the Massillon Camp No. 4,193, Modern Woodmen of America, held last night, officers were elected for the year as follows: Nelson P. Maier, venerable council; Frank Gaert, worthy adviser; George B. Egert, banker; R. F. Maier, clerk; Jacob Lohrer, escort; Jacob Waggoner, watchman; Samuel Merket, sentry; board of managers, C. C. Miller, Lawrence Baldwin and Samuel Merket; representative to state camp, H. W. Elsas.

The jury in the case of the state of Ohio against the Waggoner brothers, John Ridenbaugh, prosecuting witness, in Justice Folger's court brought in a verdict of not guilty Thursday evening. The Waggoners were accused of having ill-treated a horse belonging to Ridenbaugh. The affidavit alleged that the horse had been overworked, deprived of necessary sustenance and beaten and mutilated. In the eyes of the jury, however, there was no evidence to substantiate these charges.

The Republicans of the second ward assembled in the mayor's office, Thursday evening, and on Representative J. H. Williams' motion John Maunweiler was made chairman of the meeting and Fred Huse secretary. The object of the meeting being to place in nomination a candidate for the office of councilman, a vacancy having been created by the death of Henry Huber, the name of William Pietzcker was presented. It was unanimously accepted and Mr. Pietzcker was made the regular nominee, thus dispensing with the customary primary election.

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